ANOTHER.

Ten thousand men obeyed his lightest word.
He pressed a button at his desk, and, lo!
Men who for years had struggled on and on
Awoke to find their dreams of riches gone,
And bowing servants saw him come and go.

He spoke, and markets rose forthwith or fell.
He governed all that mighty wealth will buy!
Fame, honor, power, homage, he possessed,
And yesterday you would have called him blest—
But millionaires and paupers have to die!

The shouting in the market still goes on,
Though whispering servants tiptoe through his hall,
How poor was I beside him yesterday!
How rich today beside his pulseless clay!
Make fast the lid and let the curtains fall
—S. E. Kiser in Cleveland Leader.

VINDICATED.

When M. de Bossue returned to the court in France he was most coldly received. The king refused to see him, and the king's courtiers were quite uncivil. At his sweetheart's house, in the Rue des Saints Peres, the door was closed in his face. He was filled with astonishment and grief, both of which were increased when he went to see his friends. All looked askance at him, few deigned even to speak to him, and none accorded him the explanation he sought.

Too proud to question strangers and yet sensitive enough to suffer keenly under the treatment he had received, he went to his room to brood alone.

There was a mirror here, and in this he surveyed himself. The hardships of war had deprived him of his good looks. His face was drawn and haggard, his skin wrinkled, his eyes were dull and sad, while across his left cheek a long, disfiguring scar told where a saber had cut deep.

He left the mirror and sat down dejectedly. "I am grown ugly," he said, "and poor, and therefore they shun me." He thought of his life, offered to his country and to glory, of his hard campaigns in America and the Indies, of the famous battles in which he had done his part under Montcalm and Vaudreuil. "But all this," he told himself, "has been in vain. The king, my love, my friends, they are none of them left to me. The only faithful one of them all—my horse, who used to lick my hand and neigh gladly at my coming—he, too, is gone, for I have sold him. No one—nothing is left to me!"

One black thought was succeeded by another, and his gloom and melancholy increased till life seemed but a burden to be got rid of. He was a man of promptitude and decision, and, having come to this conclusion, he did not procrastinate. His pistol lay ready to his hand—one shot and the deed was done.

At court they said, "M. de Bossue had the fever." Weeks and months passed, and they spoke of him no more.

But there remained to Bossue an old time friend. After serving in Spain for some ten years and growing discontented with his work M. le Comte de la Puysaye returned to France and to the court. He gained prestige at Mmes. de Boufless', De Chauvelni's, De Surgere's and Luxembourg's, asked new service of the king, and solicited a regiment. He called himself a friend of Bossue. "Poor fellow!" he said. "Only 30 years old! What could have made him leave us in that way?"

His face clouded when he heard the story, for he was a brave man himself. "A coward!" he cried. "Impossible!"

"But, yes," said his informer. "We repeat only what the reports said—reports which were sent to the king direct. M. de Bossue, it seems, disliked the enemy too greatly—so much so, in fact, that he could never bring himself to approach him."

"Bossue a coward!" cried the count. "He must have changed greatly, then. May not these reports have been false?"

"Well, the marshal himself"— and so on. La Puysaye heard the story repeated a score of times, and found that the mention of Bossue's name brought forth only curses or reproaches. He ended by renouncing him.

"But," he said to himself one day, "I can't forget him. I loved him well, and I believe I love him still. Very well, I shall allow myself this little eccentricity—that of loving a dishonored wretch. Bossue remains my friend, and of all the world I alone shall recall him with something other than disdain."

He hung the dead man's portrait on his wall once more. But the portrait was an old one and no longer resembled anybody La Puysaye, discontented, wished for some other souvenir—something which Bossue had used. He thought of the horse. "Where is he now? They tell me that he sold him. That horse carried poor Bossue for ten years. I must find him."

Once, while his friend still served with him, he had seen the horse—a curious beast, of a dark yellowish color, the product of a cross between a Spanish barb and an Indian pony. He was able to furnish descriptions of the animal to certain men whom he sent in search of it.

The men were away three months. One day La Puysaye received notice that a horse answering to the description given had been found in a field in Artois. He went to the place and bought the animal at once. It was, indeed, Bossue's extraordinary beast, the friend of his friend, old and thin, worn by the hard service before the plow and the ill treatment of the farm hands. There were the white legs, still fine as those of a racer, the long, black tail and mane and those eyes, dark, cold, clear and fixed, that made one uneasy. "Strange animal!" thought La Puysaye.

He had it fed, groomed and saddled and set out for Paris at a rather halting gallop. Much fatigued, he arrived at length. But tired as he was there was to be little rest for him. A note from the bureau of war awaited him, informing him that his request for a regiment had been granted; that it was to be known as the Grenadiers Puysaye, and that he must join it near Fribourg as soon as possible. Taking hardly time for the writing of a letter and the saying of an adieu, he departed for that place, and gratifying his own wish he went there on Bossue's horse.

His new grenadiers grumbled among themselves. "Is it with that plug," they said, "that he means to lead us?"

La Puysaye's friends looked at the beast critically. An ensign lifted its lip. "No use," said the count; "he's an old horse, and his teeth no longer mark his age."

"But why didn't you come on your black fellow?"

"Oh, Constantine broke his leg, and—but do not laugh, messieurs—poor and old as is this charger he is good enough for the campaign. I judged that we should be only amusing ourselves here, and I did not wish to honor the enemy by riding too fine a horse."

The officers saluted smilingly, and the colonel, wishing to see the marshal, M. de Coigny, inquired the way to his quarters. Before going thither he left his horse with his orderly, who was going toward the trenches. "Bring him back to me tonight," said the count, and the man departed with the horse.

But not more than an hour had passed, and La Puysaye was just leaving the marshal's quarters, when an attack was ordered on a strong point where 1,800 men had been killed the night before. The trumpets sounded and the army hastened to respond. All other tasks were abandoned and, with the others, their uniforms in order, their arms in readiness, the grenadiers fell into line.

Being ordered to hold his regiment in reserve, M. de la Puysaye conducted it behind a certain embankment, then sought to go after his horse. But his friends stopped him. "Not now," they said. "The place is exposed. You would be risking your life needlessly."

La Puysaye returned to his place and gave vent to his vexation. "Miserable orderly!" he cried. "My horse! See what he has done with my horse!"

"Ciel!" exclaimed a captain in astonishment. "Why are you so concerned about the beast? From whom did you get him?"

La Puysaye, tired of keeping his secret, revealed it. "From De Bossue. He was, alas, one of my old friends."

The news was murmured through the ranks, while the officers marveled audibly. "What an idea!" they said. "Where is he, that we may observe him again?"

"In that trench over there, which is so exposed. My orderly must have been drunk to leave him in such a place."

"Oh," cried an officer, "I have no fear! Bossue's horse! The horse of a coward! He'll crouch when the bullets fly. You'll find him again safe and sound."

"After all," said the other, "the trench covers him. He's satisfied to stay in it. He won't come out."

At that moment a bomb came singing through the air, and from the trench calmly, proudly, defiantly, a horse emerged. He stood alone in the middle of the field, in a great open place—alone. The saddle was on his back, the bit in his mouth, and, though he had lowered his neck in the silence following the first bomb, he seemed waiting only for a signal on his bridle.

"The coward's horse!" thought the army.

Just then the place seemed to fill with smoke, while the city beyond trembled as with an earthquake shock—three more bombs in the ranks of France, and 15 files were cut down like so much grain.

The trumpets sounded the attack, and at that moment suddenly, magnificently, the last rays of the setting sun clothed the horse in gold. He raised his head, as the brave steed does when the battle is on and the rider encourages him to advance; then boldly, eagerly, joyously, he charged on the city at a gallop. Deaf to the thunder of the cannon, indifferent to the shot that whistled about him, glad to sniff again the smoke of powder, to feel once more the excitement of the combat, the gallant horse dashed on and on—a sublime spectacle for a whole army to witness.

What moved him to rush on the enemy so madly, to affront death so grandly? Was it the memory of Bossue's glorious battles? Was it the force of a habit acquired after a score of engagements—the result of a lesson learned on many fields?

They who followed swiftly after him did not know, but they swore afterward that they had seen a hand on his bridle, feet pressing his sides, a shadowy form on his back, and for one brief instant a face, with a long scar on its left cheek and a look such no coward ever wore.

The poor beast at length fell, bleeding from a score of wounds, but he had done enough. In the eyes of the army he whose horse this had been was vindicated. Bossue was not a coward.—From the French For Argonaut.

Clark Caught the Counsel.

In a recent issue of the Penny Magazine published in New York is found the following story of the late Geo. M. Clark of Felchville, Vt., who was well known throughout New England from his long connection with Whitmore & Clark's minstrels. It is a story which Mr. Clark was very fond of telling himself:

On one occasion, when being examined as a witness, Mr. Clark was severely interrogated by a lawyer who wished to break down his evidence.

"You are in the negro minstrel business, I believe?" said the lawyer.

"Yes sir," was the prompt reply.

"Is not that rather a low calling?" demanded the lawyer.

"I don't know but what it is sir," replied the minstrel, "but it is so much better than my father's that I am rather proud of it."

The lawyer fell into the trap Clark had laid for him and inquired, "What was your father's calling?"

"He was a lawyer," replied Clark in a tone that sent the whole court into a roar of laughter as the discomfited lawyer subsided into his seat.

CERVERA'S STRATEGY.

A Statement by Capt. Clark of the "Oregon."

In a personal interview, in answer to a question by the editor, Captain Clark gives in the May Century the following opinion of the Spanish admiral's strategy:

"Assuming that the Spanish fleet had to come out (and I, for one, had given up the hope that it would do so), it is my judgment that Admiral Cervera should have preferred night to day as the time for the sortie, notwithstanding the search-light watch so rigidly maintained at the entrance. He could have placed as guides to the channel, along the shore, and on the smoke-stack or mast of the sunken Merrimac, lights screened toward the sea, so that we could not have detected them. His best chance would have been to get up his anchors and begin to move about dusk, when he would have had light enough to see the shore and the channel marks, timing the movement so that he should dash out just as darkness fell. We could not then have closed in upon him without great danger to ourselves. The firing would have had to be done virtually in the dark, for the search-lights (even supposing that others than the one regularly in use had been turned on) would soon have become ineffective, on account of the smoke and from the shattering force of the guns, which probably would have extinguished them. The direction of the enemy could thus have been masked, and as each of our captains would have been concerned with the risk of his ship being rammed or torpedoed, our onslaught would have had a far different result than it actually had when full daylight enabled every commander to see what all the others (as well as the enemy) were doing, and exactly what was to be done. It was the difference between certainty and uncertainty. In the daytime we were able to choose our distance from the enemy with relation to the danger of being torpedoed. As all his ships were supposed to be provided with Whitehead torpedoes, I determined, unless an emergency should require it, not to go inside of half a mile, that being the effective torpedo-range, since our superiority in ordnance and armor would thus have been neutralized.

"Considering the courses that were open to Cervera, I should have probably, in the circumstances, have done as he did—head to the westward, keeping the fleet together in the hope of destroying any vessel which might be able to overtake me. Cienfuegos was his nearest and natural port, and there he would have been in direct communication with Havana by rail, and, so to speak, would have been in a Spanish environment. If he had intended to go to Havana, it would have been better to go westward than eastward, for, though the distance is somewhat greater, the current would have favored, and there was no additional force to be considered like that at Guantanamo. To have divided his fleet, part going eastward and part westward, would have been to leave one-half to Admiral Sampson and the other half to Commodore Schley.

"There remained one other course. The result of the sortie shows that he might have stood a better chance of saving one or two or even more of his ships by the policy of scattering, with an ultimate rendezvous. Only three of our ships were superior in speed to his vessels, namely, the New York, the Brooklyn, and the Oregon—possibly the Texas. Even if each of these could have selected and pursued a Spanish ship, it is possible that not every one of them would have been equal to the task of destroying her chosen antagonist. The armored cruisers, the Brooklyn and the New York, might have found that they had 'caught Tartars.' They could not have pierced the armor of the Spanish vessels, while the Spanish guns could readily have pierced theirs. There were no orders to our vessels for such separate action, for neither Admiral Sampson nor any one else could have anticipated such tactics. It is a matter of pure conjecture, but I am inclined to think that the confusion resulting from such a movement would have strongly favored Cervera."

Corn-Growing on a Large Scale.

The essentials of a profitable farm are good land, well drained but not too rolling, and accessibility to reasonable transportation. Six thousand acres being about three miles square makes the largest farm which can be operated to advantage from a single central station; a larger acreage simply means two or more farms.

About April 1 men and mules move on the fields in battalions. Four-house seeders, four-foot harrows, and six-horse gang-plows, maneuver for six weeks like an army, sowing small grain, plowing, and planting corn. The minute the small grain is sown 31 corn-planters are thrown behind the plows, and in this work lies largely the success or failure of the crop. Note, for instance, the pains taken in selecting the seed corn.

A perfect stand of corn is the first requisite of a large yield. From a choice piece of land previously planted with selected seed about 2,000 bushels of the finest ears are taken. From these an expert selects 600 bushels. These ears are placed on racks in a building arranged especially for a seed-house. Whatever the thermometer registers in Iowa, the temperature in that seed-house never falls below freezing. All this insures the highest possible germinating power in the seed, and that alone might, in case of a cold, wet spring, save the entire profit of the season by producing a good stand.

The planting must of necessity be done by machinery, and to secure the maximum yield three seed kernels must be dropped in each hill. If five drop in, that hill is lost to the profit account; if only one it is partially lost.

But perfect as American farming machinery is, it does not leave the factory perfect enough to insure against irregular planting. Patiently and by a series of exhaustive tests the planter plates are so adjusted to the size of the seed kernels for each year that they will deposit an average of sixty-five kernels to every twenty hills, and not more than four nor less than two in any one. So great are the precautions that before the seed is shelled the tips and butts of the seed ears are cut off to secure kernels of an even size.

Even after this delicate adjustment of the best machinery in the world, foremen follow the 31 planters and at intervals open hills to count the seed deposits and make sure that each machine is doing its work. In addition, a purse of $100 is split into eight prizes between the eight men who do the best work and whose teams mark the straightest rows. With such method is it any wonder that the crop on this farm averaged 60 bushels per acre, against the average of 32 bushels as given Iowa by the government report for 1898?

After the seeding, the harrowing, and it is done with extraordinary energy and concentration. One hundred and forty sections of four-foot harrows sweep the fields like a charge of cavalry. Every time they move a mile together sixty-two acres are covered.

When the 3,800 acres of corn are up and ready 76 two-horse cultivators are put into it. The point in the first cultivation one way and in the second the other way is to get as close as possible to the corn; but after the pains taken to place it there no plant must be left covered by a clod of earth. The field-hand must uncover it, and a foreman on horse-back behind each twenty men is held responsible for his crews work. In the third and final cultivation the earth is thrown up against the plant, the small weeds in the hill being smothered and the large ones pulled by hand. It will be of interest to merchants and to theological professors to learn that it is not the weed in the row, but the one in the hill which mars the beauty of the balance sheet.

The corn being now three feet high, the interlacing roots and the overhanging stalks prevent further cultivation. Into this field, approximating one mile in width and six miles in length, are sent in October 75 wagons and men for the husking. This takes 60 days, and a row of cribs 10 feet wide and 16 feet high, half a mile long, are required to hold the crop.—[From "An American Farmer's Balance-Sheet for 1898," by Frank H. Spearman, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews.

Time Tables.

BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

PASSUMPSIC DIVISION

WINTER ARRANGEMENT, OCT. 3, 1898

Trains Leave St. Johnsbury.

GOING SOUTH.

For Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Lowell and Boston via White River Junction, 12.35 and 9.00 a. m., arriving at Boston 8.15 a. m. and 4.30 p. m.

For Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Lowell and Boston via Wells River and Plymouth, 1.40 a. m. (daily), 9.00 a. m. and 2.34 p. m. Arriving at Boston, 8.10 a.m., 4.30 and 8.30 p. m.

For White River Junction, Bellows Falls, Northampton, Springfield, Hartford, New Haven and New York, 12.35, and 9.00 a. m.

For Newbury, Bradford, Norwich and White River Junction, 12.35 and 9.00 a. m. and 6.00 p. m.

For Passumpsic, Barnet and McIndoes, 9.00 a. m., 6.00 p.m.

For Wells River, 12.35, 1.40, and 9.00 a. m., 2.34 and 6.00 p. m.

For Montpelier, 9.00 a. m., 2.34 p. m.

For Littleton, 9.00 a. m., 2.34 and 6.00 p. m.

GOING NORTH.

For Lyndonville and Newport, 2.20, 3.15 and 10.45 a. m., 3.13, 4.27 p.m

For Lyndonville only, 8.30 p. m. (mixed).

For West Burke, Barton and Barton Landing, 3.15 and 10.45 a. m., 3.13, 4.27 p m

For Stanstead and Derby Line, Massawippi, North Hatley, Lennoxville and Sherbrooke, 3.15 and 10.45 a. m., 4.27 p. m.

For Quebec via Sherbrooke and Grand Trunk Ry., 3.15 a. m. and 4.27 p. m.

For Quebec via Sherbrooke and Quebec Central Ry., 3.15 a. m and 4.27 p. m.

For Montreal via Sherbrooke and Grand Trunk Ry., 3.15 a. m. and 4.27 p. m.

For Montreal via Newport and Canadian Pacific Ry., 2.20 a. m. (daily), 3.13 p. m.

D. J. FLANDERS,
Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.

MAINE CENTRAL R. R.

Through the White Mountains
To Lancaster, Colebrook, North Conway, Boston, Portland, Lewiston, Bangor, Bar Harbor and St. John.

LOCAL TIME TABLE—ON AND AFTER NOVEMBER 27, 1898.

LEAVING ST. JOHNSBURY.

	P M.	P.M.
St. Johnsbury,		2.45
Lunenburg,		3.45
Whitefield,		3.57
Quebec Junc.,	1.15	4.15
Jefferson,	1.27	4.27
Waumbek Jct.,	1.21	4.21
Lancaster, ar.,	1.43	4.43

LEAVING LANCASTER.

	P.M.	P.M.
Lancaster,	12.25	3.30
Waumbek Jct.,	12.49	3.54
Jefferson,	12.43	3.40
Quebec Jc., ar.,	12.55	4.00
" " lv.,	1 10	
Whitefield,	1.21	
Lunenburg, ar.,	1.35	
St. Johnsb'y, ar.,	2.30	

THROUGH TRAINS.

St. Johnsby,	2.45 p.m.
N Conway,	6.06 "
Portland,	8.10 "
Boston	5.57 a.m.
Lewiston,	1.10 "
Bangor,	4.15 "
Bar Harbor,	10.00 "
St. John,	11.50 "

Trains arrive at St. Johnsbury from Boston, Portland, Lewiston, Augusta, North Conway and White Mountain resorts 3.20 p. m.

GEORGE F. EVANS, Vice Pres., Gen. Mgr.
F. E. BOOTHBY, G. P. & T. A.

CENTRAL VERMONT R. R.

IN EFFECT FEB. 15, 1899.

Trains leave Cambridge Junction daily except Sundays, as follows:—

10:20 a.m.—Express for Essex Jct. and Burlington, connecting at Essex Jct. with express for Concord, Nashua, Worcester, Boston, Springfield and New York. Wagner Parlor Car, Essex Jct. to Boston via Lowell, also connects with Green Mountain Flyer for Rutland, Albany and New York Wagner Parlor Cars Essex Jct. to Boston and Troy. Also connects at Essex Jct. with local for St. Albans, Richford and Rouses Point. Mixed train leaves Jeffersonville at 5:40 a. m., arriving at Burlington at 8:20 a. m.

6:30 p. m.—Express for Essex Jct. and Burlington, connecting at Essex Jct. with night express for Rutland, Albany and New York, Bellows Falls, Worcester, Providence and Boston. Wagner Sleepers Essex Jct. to Boston and New York without change. Also connects at Essex Jct. with midnight express for White River Jct., Nashua, Worcester, Providence, Boston, Springfield, New York, New London and all New England points. Wagner Sleepers to Boston and Springfield without change.

Trains arrive at Cambridge Jct.:—

9:15 a. m.—Passenger from Rouses Point, St Albans and Burlington.

4:45 p. m. Mixed from St. Albans, Burlington and White River Jct.

6:05 p. m.—Express from Boston, Springfield, Albany and all New England points, also from Rouses Point and St. Albans.

F. W. BALDWIN, General Superintendent.
S. W. CUMMINGS, General Passenger Agent.

ST. JOHNSBURY AND LAKE CHAMPLAIN R. R.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT, NOV., 27 1898

Trains Leave St. Johnsbury.

GOING WEST.

For Danville, Hardwick, Morrisville, Cambridge Junction, Burlington, St. Albans and Rutland 7.33 a. m. and 3.20 p. m.

For Danville, West Danville, Walden, Greensboro, East Hardwick, Hardwick, Morrisville, Hyde Park, 7.33 a. m., 3.20 and 4.50 p. m.

For Johnson, Cambridge Junction, Burlington, Fletcher, Fairfield, Sheldon, Highgate and Swanton, 7.33 a. m. and 3.20 p. m.

For Stanbridge, St. Johns, and Montreal via East Swanton, 7.33 a. m. and 3.20 p. m.

GOING EAST.

For East St. Johnsbury, North Concord Miles Pond and Lunenburg, 2.45, 4.45, (mixed) p. m.

For Whitefield, Fabyans, Crawfords, Glen, North Conway, Fryeburg, Portland, Brunswick, Lewiston, Augusta, Waterville, Bangor and St. John, 2.45 p. m.

D. J. FLANDERS,
Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.

MONTPELIER AND WELLS RIVER R.R.

CORRECTED TO FEBRUARY 2, 1899.

GOING WEST

Trains leave Wells River (delays excepted) at 6.15, *9.58 a.m., *3.30 p.m. for South Ryegate, Groton, Marshfield, Plainfield, Montpelier and Barre. Arrive Montpelier 9.10, 11.25 a.m., 5.07 p.m. Arrive Barre 10.05, 11.45 a.m., 5.45 p.m. *Connects with trains north and south on Passumpsic and White Mountains Divisions of B. & M R. R.

GOING EAST.

Leave Barre *7.30 a.m., *12.30, **3.50 p.m. Leave Montpelier *8.05 a.m., *1.10, **4.15 p.m. Arrive Wells River 9.30 a.m., 2.30, 6.45 p.m. *Connecting with trains north and south on the Passumpsic and White Mountains Divisions. **Connect with trains north and south on Passumpsic Division, and with trains north on White Mountains division.

W. A. STOWELL, Gen. Mgr.
F. W. STANYAN, Superintendent.
F. W. MORSE, Gen. Pass. Agt.